

per been on the list of absolute contraband. Industrial advancement may justify its insertion; nevertheless, the metal is innocent cargo unless it has an enemy destination. Great Britain has sought to justify her seizures on the ground that the increased shipments of copper to Italy looked suspicious, yet statistics do not seem to bear out this claim. Moreover, this could not explain the seizure of those cargoes which left America for Italy before the war was declared.

The embargo on direct shipments of manganese ore from India to the United States had for its ostensible basis the fear that the ore might be re-shipped to Germany. More probably it had a certain bargaining value—we need manganese ore to make steel, and must have it. There are signs that the embargo may be lifted if we agree to certain conditions. We can also get wool under those same conditions. Great Britain made an offer involving much the same principle in 1793, when she insisted that the United States ship no grain to France. The young republic rejected the proposal on the ground of its unneutral character. It is a question whether it can bargain now and maintain strict neutrality.

By more than doubling the contraband list, Great Britain has seriously interfered with United States commerce with neutral Europe. The fear of seizure on the ground of noxious cargo, and the practical impossibility of proving ultimate destination, have had an effect more paralyzing than the actual seizures. Shipments consigned "to order" without the name of the consignee are held up as illegal, despite the fact that the custom has been sanctioned by years of usage. By this form the consignor does not part with title until the goods are paid for. As a matter of practical fact, if fraud were intended it would be much simpler to work through a fictitious consignee.

It is small consolation to the American exporter or the exporter of other neutrals that the prize courts of Great Britain are tempered with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of justice. The decisions of Lord Stowell in the trying Napoleonic era offer a guaranty of judicial fair dealing that will be in keeping with the best Anglo-Saxon tradition. They have never known the smudge of bias, and under them the alien has been accorded the same right as the national. The blow to commerce is dealt by the military expedient of extending the contraband list, by the high-handed construction placed on cargo destination, by the paralyzing timidity extending to all neutral trade. And for this the ultimate justice of the prize court cannot fully atone. To close students of international law the policy of Great Britain is certain to appear like an attempt to make the extension of the contraband list perform the more expensive service of the blockade. By adding to the list and impugning destination, seizures on the high seas would isolate the Germanic belligerents as inexorably as if dreadnoughts bristled

The historical position of the United States always has been in favor of a limitation of the contraband list. This has been set forth in treaty after treaty. In our protest to Russia in 1904, in the case of the "Arabia," we strongly upheld the "criterion of warlike usefulness and destination." If the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs are to be blockaded into submission, it seems reasonable that the belligerent, not the neutral, should pay the bill.

C. T. REVERE.

## In a Moscow Hospital

MOSCOW is very far from London. Upon this gray autumnal afternoon the sky, heavy and lowering, might have recalled our London days, but against it are the golden domes of the Moscow churches, domes not glittering now as they do in sunlight, but lying vaguely, dimly upon the heavy air. Only more strangely does that gray sky emphasize my distance from England.

As I wait for my friend in the square outside the hospital I am to visit, my eye rests on the queerest jumble of shops. Here behind me are magnificent buildings, lofty and of fine proportions, and before me this little row of shops; first a fine window behind whose glass six of the latest fashions in hats dangle upon poles; next to it a little low cave of a place showing through its dark door a wooden bench, a flaming candle, and two old women whose hands fling fantastic shadows upon the wall. Next to this again an ikon, before whose glittering picture there have paused a stout, prosperous gentleman in a bowler hat, a pale student with long hair and a thin, worn black coat, and an old man who is so old, so bent and so hairy that only his nose and his eyes seem alive. The old man, the student, the merchant take off their hats, cross themselves, and go on their ways.

Further along there is a wall of bright pink, and behind it a church with sky-blue towers and golden domes. An old gate, beyond the wall, shows a golden clump of autumn trees, and through the still, heavy air leaves are slowly turning, trembling, falling. Over the cobbles the droskies rattle, the cabmen shout, the tramway-cars scream, somewhere bells are ringing, boys are calling newspapers; two beggars, a blind man and an armless woman, never cease, as they move along, their monotonous, plaintive prayer. But Moscow is, as ever, utterly indifferent to its own noise; there are shadowy groups at the street corners, figures motionless against walls, dark shapes passing through the doors of the church with the blue towers, but the true note of the scene lies behind the gate in those golden trees from whose branches the leaves are so quietly falling. Yes, Moscow is very far from London.

My friend has arrived, and the outer world is shut off by the hospital doors

There is no need here to recapitulate its glories. Its "Hamlet," its "Cherry Orchard," its "Three Sisters," its "Brand," and "The Life of Man"—these performances among others have written a new and a thrilling chapter in the history of dramatic art. Here to-day I have witnessed the Art Theatre's latest performance—surely the finest of them all. It is no easy matter for the artist to decide how best in this terrific crisis he can serve his country. Here in Moscow the Art Theatre has found its own fine answer to the problem.

During the first days of the war the theatre took the large flat where it had formerly held its rehearsals and converted it into a hospital. There are beds here for thirty soldiers. The hospital is entirely supported by the theatre, and its actors and actresses, with Mme. Tchekov at their head, work here night and day. To this some of the most famous men and women in Russia have given themselves up heart and soul. As I was admitted into the white silence of the place, was it absurdly fantastic to imagine that the fine, tender spirit of Tchekov had given it his blessing, and that the master who had fashioned the beauty and splendor of "The Cherry Orchard," of "Uncle Vanya," of "The Seagull," had informed also with his genius this little house of rest?

Here was to be seen no sign of the bungling eagerness of the amateur. Some of the most famous of Moscow's doctors have this hospital under their charge. No one can doubt, passing through the white rooms, that the most perfect order, discipline, restraint, are enforced here.

After we had seen the wards, the operating theater, the kitchen, we were introduced to the soldiers, who, hearing that we were a party of English visitors, had shown at once the very liveliest interest in us. Some of them with bandaged arms, some limping, some with their heads bound, they crowded around us. Very quietly they waited, but their eyes were burning with that eager friendliness that is in every Russian's face when he meets a stranger for the first time. But there was more than that. It was as though there were a link between us and them of a strength that only the realities could have forged. Something of their hardships they had suffered for our sakes. Until five weeks ago England had been nebulous, dim, abstract. Now it had become one of the factors in the making of their lives, and in our eyes they wished to see that Russia had to us, in our turn, become a vital reality.

"What does England think of Russia?" "Are the English soldiers thinking of the Russian soldiers?" "What a pity that we can't be together, a lot of us, to get to know one another."

They had very little to tell us about themselves. They had been into battle; for an instant it had been terrible, then it had mattered nothing—they had not thought about it. One man had been a scout and sometimes the loneliness had worried

been very like farming—one had had something to do and one had done it. There had been so much noise that one had heard no noise at all.

I would like to be able to convey on paper some sense of the quiet, assured resolution of these people. A Russian soldier who believes that God is with him is a power whose force no man can estimate. In the quiet, kindly eyes of these men was written the assured answer to Louvain, to Rheims, to Antwerp. We said good-bye to them all. They watched us as we went away with urgent, eager friendliness.

In the square outside the hospital the gray sky had lifted, giving us a world of blazing stars. The golden domes were like faint clouds floating without support in the evening air. All the windows were sparkling with lights—and how entirely since an hour ago my mood has changed! How near, how very near, Moscow is to London!

HUGH WALPOLE.

## Dramatic Issues

THERE is an indestructible persistence about the dramatic instinct by virtue of which drama seems to survive every vicissitude. It is precisely because drama is the expression of such a fundamental human instinct that we must take it with a large seriousness. Drama is a social force to be reckoned with; it both indicates the state of civilization of a community and is in itself a civilizing agent. Historical criticism has usually recognized this. It has tried to relate the drama of a past epoch to the social, economic, or religious conditions, and has found a significance in even the manners and customs of the people. Contemporary criticism, on the contrary, for the most part completely shirks the task. Our drama has been lifted out of the texture of our social life and has been treated as if it did not bear the slightest relation to our social customs and our state of culture, our economic life and our gropings towards a more than merely verbal democracy. Yet now more than ever dramatic issues merge with democratic issues. If dramatic criticism is to be of any real value it must relate the two issues in the interest of a larger social criticism.

The annual scolding meted out to the tired business man is an excellent example of the falsely detached point of view present criticism. He is berated for his inveterate habit of yawning in Ibsen's face. The issue is made purely personal, as if the business man's preference were a kind of perversity. The only reply he is ever known to have made was printed in *Life*, and was to the effect that the thing that made him so tired was the kind of play he had to see. But there is a real helplessness about the tired business man, and no criticism is quite so shallow and so vain as that which habitually singles him